

LANCASTER GAZETTE

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2 NO. 45

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Thursday Morning March 15, 1855

BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

This sublime and affecting production was but lately
discovered among the remains of our great epic
poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of
Milton's works.—London Journal.

I am old and blind!

My point at me as Milton by God's frown—
Afflicted and desecrated of my mind—
Yet I am not dead down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I cannot not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!

When men are foremost then Thou art most near—
When friends are few, Thy weakness show,
Thy charity I know.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is more light.

On my benighted knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapt in the radiance of Thy stainless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing on my sightless eyes—
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When angels from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth is darkness here.

In a paraclete
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
"I in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unthought.

I have no more my lyre
To tell the strings of a gift divine,
Within my glowing gleams unceasing fire,
By no skill of mine.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"It must be my child!" said the poor
widow, wiping away a tear which slowly
trickled down her wasted cheeks. There
is no other resource, I am too sick to
work, and you cannot, surely, see me and
your little brother starve. Try and beg
a few shillings, and perhaps by the time
that is gone, I may be better. Go, Henry,
my dear; I grieve to send you on such an
errand, but it must be done."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of
about ten years, started up, and throwing
his arms about his mother's neck, left the
house without a word. He did not hear
the groan of anguish that was uttered by
his parent as the door closed behind him;
and it was well that he did not, for his
little heart was ready to break without it.

It was a bye-street in Philadelphia, and as
he walked to and fro on the side walk, he
looked first at one person and then at another,
as they passed him, but not one
seemed to look kindly on him, and the
longer he waited, the faster his courage
dwindled away, and the more difficult it
became to muster resolutions to beg.

The tears were running down his cheeks, but
nobody noticed them, or if they did, no-
body seemed to care; for although clean,
Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is
common for the poor and miserable to
cry.

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the
poor boy was quite in despair when at last
he espied a gentleman who seemed to be
very leisurely taking a morning walk. He
was dressed in black, wore a three cor-
nered hat, and had a face that was as mild
and benignant as an angel's. Somehow
when Henry looked at him, he felt all his
fear vanish at once, and instantly approach-
ed him. His tears had been flowing so
long, that his eyes were quite red and
swollen, and his voice trembled, but that
was with weakness, for he had not eaten
for twenty-four hours. As Henry with a
low, faltering voice, begged for a little
charity, the gentleman stopped, and his
kind heart melted with compassion as he
looked into the fair countenance of the poor
boy, and saw the deep blush which spread
all over his face, and listened to the mod-
est, humble tones which accompanied his
petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has
been accustomed to beg his bread," said
he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's
shoulder; "what has driven you to this
step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears be-

ginning to flow afresh, "indeed, I was not
born in this condition. But the misfor-
tunes of my father, and the sickness of my
mother, have driven me to the necessity
now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gen-
tleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this
city, but he became a gambler for a friend
who soon after failed, and he was entirely
ruined. He could not live after this loss,
and in one month he died of grief, and his
death was more dreadful than any other
trouble. My mother, my little brother, and
myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of
poverty. My mother has until now,
managed to support herself and my little
brother by her labor, and I have earned
what I could by shovelling snow and other
work that I could find to do. But night
before last mother was taken very sick, and
she since has become so much worse, that—
here the tears poured faster than ever—
"I do fear she will die. I cannot think of
any way in the world to help her. I have
not had any work to do for several weeks.
I have not had courage to go to my moth-
er's old acquaintances, and tell them she
had come to need charity. I thought you
looked like a stranger, sir, and something in
your face overcame my shame, and gave
me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do
pity my poor mother!"

The tears, and the simple and moving
language of the poor boy, touched a chord
in the breast of the stranger, that was ac-
customed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?"
said he in a husky voice, "is it far from
here?"

"She lives in the last house on this
street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see
it from here, in third block, and on the
left hand side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully shak-
ing his head. "I had money to pay neither
for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some
pieces of silver from his pocket, "there are
three dollars, take them and run immedi-
ately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude, he
received the money with a stammering and
almost inaudible voice, but with a look of
the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately
sought the dwelling of the sick widow—
He entered a little room in which he could
see nothing but a few implements of female
labor, a miserable table, an old bureau, and
a little bed which stood in one corner, on
which an invalid lay. She appeared
weak, and almost exhausted, and on the
bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if
his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger
drew near the bedside of the invalid, and
feigning to be a physician, inquired into
the nature of her disease. The symptoms
were explained in a few words, when the
widow with a deep sigh, added, "O, sir, my
sickness has a deeper cause, and one which
is beyond the art of the physician to cure.
I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see
my children sinking daily deeper and deeper
in misery and want, which I have no
means of relieving. My sickness is of the
heart, and death alone can end my sorrows,
but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens
the thought of the misery into which
my children would be plunged if—"

Here emotion choked her utter-
ance, and the tears flowed unrestrained
down her cheeks. But the friendly
physician spoke so consolingly to her, and
manifested so warm a sympathy for her
condition, that the heart of the poor woman
throbbed with a pleasure that was un-
expected.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent
stranger, "think only of recovery, and
of preserving a life that is so precious
to your children. Can I write a prescrip-
tion here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer
book from the hand of the child who sat
with her on the bed, and tearing out a
blank leaf,

"I have no other paper," said she, "but
perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his
pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the
paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will
find of great service to you. If it is nec-
essary, I will write you a second. I have
great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and went
away.

Scarcely was he gone when the elder son
returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going
to her bedside and affectionately kissing
her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger
has given us. It will make us rich
for several days. It has enabled us to
have a physician, and he will be here in a
moment. Compose yourself, now, dear
mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the
mother looking with pride and affection on
her son. "Come nearer that I may bless
you. God never forsakes the innocent and
the good. Oh! may he still watch over
you in all your paths! A physician has
just been here. He was a stranger, but he
spoke to me with a kindness and a com-
passion that was a balm to my heart—"

When he went away, he left that prescrip-
tion on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started
back—he took it up and as he read it
through, again and again, a cry of wonder
and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor
widow, trembling with apprehension of
what she knew not what.

"Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard
us."

The mother took the paper from the
hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed
her eyes upon it, than "My God!" she
exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell
back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from
Washington, (for it was indeed he) by
which the widow was to receive the sum of
one hundred dollars, from his own pri-
vate property, to be doubled in case of ne-
cessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made
his appearance, and soon awoke the moth-
er from her fainting fit. The joyful sur-
prise, together with a good nurse with
which the physician provided her, and
plenty of wholesome food, soon restored
her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who vis-
ited there more than once, provided for the
widow friends who furnished her with
constant and profitable employment, and
her sons, when they had arrived at a prop-
er age, they placed in respectable situ-
ations, where they were not only able to
support themselves, but to render the re-
mains of their mother's life comfortable
and happy.

Let the children who read this story, re-
member, when they think of the great and
good Washington, that he was not above
entering the dwelling of poverty, and car-
rying joy and gladness to the hearts of his
immates. This is no fictitious tale, but is
only one of a thousand incidents which
might be related of him, and which stamp
him one of the best of men.—N. Y. Christian
Messenger.

THE NEW NABOB.

The famous Indian Nabob, whose name
is so long that it "could not be inserted
except as an advertisement,"—call it Ma-
harajah for shortness—is the present won-
der of Paris. It will be remembered that
on his first landing at Bordeaux, he brought
up all the umbrellas of the place as it was
a rainy day, and had them presented to the
population in the streets. On arriving at
Paris, he went to the theater, and seeing a
large audience with bare heads, he dis-
patched his numerous attendants immedi-
ately for such a number of hats as would
cover the destitute thousands before him.

The day after, he stationed himself oppo-
site the large carriage stand on the Boule-
vards, employed himself with begging ev-
ery young lady who passed on foot to take
a ride at his expense. A subsequent en-
tourprise has been to rid through the city,
followed by a load of ready made cloaks
and overcoats, and stopping every ill clad
or plainly dressed person, to beg his ac-
ceptance of the articles he seemed to need.

He is said to have negotiated for the li-
cense of a whole theatre and performance, to
stand himself at the door and beg the pas-
sers by to go in free. At the restaurants
where he once dined, he sent a choice dish
and a bottle of wine to each other person
in the room. There is an expensive class
of Parisian beauties on his track, who, it
is thought, will greatly assist in the propa-
gation of his East Indian sentiments.

WHY THE FOURTH OF MARCH WAS SE-
LECTED.—The Portland Advertiser, cor-
recting the blundering statement which
every year and two goes the rounds of the
papers, to the effect that the fourth of
March was selected as the beginning of the
Presidential term because it will not fall
on Sunday for 300 years to come, says:

"The selection of the fourth of March as
the day for the beginning of the Presiden-
tial term, seems to have been the result
of accident. Mile old Continental Con-
gress, when the ratification of the new
Constitution by the necessary number of
States had been ascertained, passed a resolu-
tion September 18, 1788, appointing the
first Wednesday of the next January for
the choice of the Presidential electors, the
first Wednesday of February for the elec-
tion of President and Vice President, and
the first Wednesday of March as the time
for the organization of the new govern-
ment. The first Wednesday of March
happened to be in the year 1789, the 4th
of March, and as the administration which
began on that day was limited to four
years by the Constitution, the next and all
succeeding administrations have begun on
this day of the month."

SHARP PRACTICE.—A day or two since,
one of our good citizens, who will be re-
cognized at once if we call him John Smith,
happened into a grocery establishment and
understanding that silver change was in
demand, inquired what premium they paid
for it, and was informed five per cent.—
Thereupon he drew forth ninety-five cents
in change, and handing it over to the gro-
cery man received therefor a regular dollar
bill. This satisfactory speculation, or some-
thing else, led our friend into the extrava-
gance of calling for a glass of beer, which
was furnished and drank, and he deliber-
ately drew forth the dollar bill and tender-
ed it in payment, which was received, and
ninety-seven cents change handed back.—
At last dates, the grocery man was attempt-
ing to figure up the profit on that glass of
beer.—Kenosha Telegraph.

HE who marries a pretty face only,
is like the buyer of cheap furniture—the
varnish that caught the eye will not en-
dure the fire-side blaze.

NOTHING LIKE THE BIBLE.

AN AFFECTING AND REMARKABLE TALE.

The circumstance itself occurred in the
town of Warrenton, and was related at a
Bible-meeting by a gentleman of respecta-
bility connected with the Society.

The circumstance was introduced in the
following words:—About three years ago,
two little boys decently clothed, the eldest
appearing about thirteen, and the younger
eleven, called at the lodging-house for va-
grants, in this town, for a night's lodging.

The keeper of the house (very properly)
took them to the vagrant's office to be ex-
amined, and if proper objects to be reliev-
ed. The account they gave of themselves
was extremely affecting, and no doubt
was entertained of its truth. It appears
that but a few weeks had elapsed since
these poor little wanderers had resided
with their parents in London. The typhus
fever, however, in one day carried off both
father and mother, leaving the orphans in
the wide world, without home and without
friends. Immediately after the last tribu-
tute was paid to their parents memory, hav-
ing an uncle in Liverpool, destitute as they
were, resolved to go and throw themselves
upon his protection. Tired, therefore, and
faint, they arrived in this town on their
way. Two bundles contained their all.—
In the youngest boy's pocket was found,
neatly covered and carefully preserved, a
Bible. The keeper of the lodging, address-
ing the little boy, said: "You have nei-
ther money or meat, will you sell me this
Bible? I will give you five shillings for
it." "No," exclaimed he, (the tears roll-
ing down his youthful cheek,) "I'll starve
first."

"There are plenty of books to be bought
besides this," he replied. "No book has
stood my friend so much as my Bible."

"Why, what has your Bible done for you?"
he said. He answered—"When I was a
little boy, about seven years of age, I be-
came a Sunday school scholar in London.
Through the kind attention of my master,
Isaac learned to read my Bible,—this Bible
young as I was, showed me that I was
a sinner, and a great one, too; it also
pointed me to a Saviour; and I thank God
that I have found mercy at the hands of
Christ, and I am not ashamed to confess
him before the world."

To try him still further, six shillings
were then offered him for the Bible.—
"No," said he; "for it has been my sup-
port all the way from London; hungry and
weary, often have I sat down by the way-
side to read the Bible, and found refresh-
ment from it." Thus did he experience
the consolation of the Psalmist, when he
said, "Thy comforts have refreshed my
soul." He was then asked, "What will
you do when you get to Liverpool, should
your uncle refuse to take you in?"
The reply may excite a blush in many Chris-
tians. "My Bible tells me," said he,
"when my father and mother forsake me,
the Lord will take me up." The man
could go no further, for the tears choked
his utterance, and they both wept togeth-
er. They had in their pocket tickets, as
rewards for their good conduct, from the
school to which they belonged, and thank-
fulness and humility were visible in all
their deportment.

At night these orphans, bending their
knees at the side of the bed, committed
themselves to the care of their Heavenly
Father.—To Him whose ears are open to
the prayers of the destitute, and to Him
who has said, "Call upon me in the hour
of trouble, I will deliver thee and thou shalt
glorify me." The next morning, these
refreshed little wanderers arose early,
dressed themselves for their journey, and
set out for Liverpool. May He who hears
the ravens when they cry, hear and answer
their petitions, guide them through time,
and bless them in eternity.

THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE.—The
beauty of a holy life constitutes the most
eloquent and effective persuasive to reli-
gion which one human being can address
to another. We have many ways of doing
good to our fellow creatures; but none so
good, so efficacious, as leading a virtuous,
upright, and well ordered life. There is
no energy or moral suasion in a good man's
life, passing the highest efforts of the or-
ator's genius. The seen but silent beauty
of holiness speaks more eloquently of God
and duty than the tongues of men and an-
gels. Let parents remember this. The
best inheritance a parent can bequeath to
a child is a virtuous example, a legacy
of hallowed remembrances and associa-
tions. The beauty of holiness beaming
through the life of a loved relative or friend
is more effectual to strengthen such as do
stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those
that are bowed down, than precept, com-
mand, entreaty, or warning. Christianity
itself, I believe, owes by far the greatest
part of its moral power, not to the precepts
or parables of Christ, but to his own
character. The beauty of that holiness
which is enshrined in the four brief bio-
graphies of the man of Nazareth, has done
more and will do more to regenerate the
world, and bring it to an everlasting right-
eousness, than all other agencies put to-
gether. It has done more to spread his re-
ligion in the world than all that has ever
been preached or written on evidences of
Christianity.—Dr. Chalmers.

When a man stops his newspaper on
account of pecuniary forbodings, we con-
sider him about as gone a case as if he
should conclude to stop his daily bread,
for fear he should come to poverty.

RESCUE OF A CAPTIVE INDIAN GIRL.

The St. Paul Pioneer gives the account of
the capture and inhuman treatment of
a young Chippewa girl by the Sioux, into
whose possession she fell, and her rescue
from a horrible death by a white man.

Last summer a hunting party of Chipp-
ewas encountered a band of Sioux who
were out on the war path. The former
were defeated, and all except three, who
made their escape, and this young girl,
were massacred. The maiden endeavored
also to make her escape, and, jumping into
a canoe, put out upon Otter Tail Lake.

The pursuers followed and overtook her,
when she threw herself into the water and
endeavored by diving and hiding in a
cluster of weeds to elude them. The chief
threw his tomahawk and wounded her
badly in the side, and afterwards stunned
her by a stroke upon the head with a paddle.

The "brave" resolved to retain her
as his wife, and brought her to his wigwam
where he already had two wives. Their
jealousy was aroused, and the young
Chippewa girl was constantly maltreated,
the squaws literally putting coals of fire
upon her head and cutting her with
knives. She resolved to commit suicide,
to end her trouble. But this idea was not
liked by her savage retainers, and they re-
solved to enjoy one of their ancient rites
by burning their captive at the stake.—
This fact becoming known to Joseph
Campbell, the Sioux interpreter, he deter-
mined to effect her rescue, and going to
the village, found and carried off the girl,
who was subsequently placed in the charge
of the commanding officer at Fort Ridgely
and after her wounds were healed convey-
ed to Fort Snelling, and thence home to
her band.

Americans Kneel Only to God.

The following incident is said to have
occurred, during the revolutionary strug-
gle, in a conversation between a British
officer and a young lady, at the house of
her uncle who was suspected of favoring
the Tory cause.

The conversation turned on the subject
of liberty, and the success of the American
armies, both of which the officer treated
with levity and contempt. "Wait a few
months more and you will see the whole
party with much glorified Washington at
their head, humbly begging for his majesty's
forgiveness before the royal governor."

"They won't think of liberty when on their
knees, I warrant you." "Americans
kneel!" cried Aurora, suddenly rising
from the harpsichord, her eyes flashing
like an enraged Pythoness. "Americans
kneel! Never, while an American heart-
stone is left unturned by ruin's plough-
share, while an American forest clothes a
hill in leafy verdure, while one foundation
of an American church stands unshaken by
the king's artillery, while heaven lends
Americans life, and you oppressors are
but human flesh—so long, sir, you will
never see our gallant Washington, and his
brave troops, kneel before the minions of
your monarch! No, sir! Americans kneel
only to God!"

NOVEL LAW SUIT.—A somewhat ro-
mantic suit at law has just been terminated
in Franklin county. It seems that one
John Lescher became pierced with the ar-
row of cupid, and, wishing to heal the
wound by lawful wedlock, he made pro-
posals to the object of his affections, which,
it seems, she received favorably; but the
father, Mr. Jacob Wyant, being a prudent
man, of much foresight, required the said
John Lescher to enter into bonds of five
hundred dollars, conditioned that his wife
John Lescher should live with his said
husband as a kind and affectionate
husband should do; but the parties, after
living together some months, separated,
and this suit was brought to recover the
amount of the bond. The case was first
tried at the last April term of the Franklin
Court, when Judge Kimmel decided the
bond to be invalid. The case was carried
to the Supreme Court, and it was decided
that the bond "was good and valid, and
in accordance with the law." The case,
therefore, came up again in the Franklin
Court, when the jury found a verdict for
the plaintiff of \$979.76. The result of
this suit may give a valuable suggestion
to anxious fathers whose daughters are
sought as partners at the altar, and an imi-
tation of Mr. Wyant's forethought would
show a prudent concern for their daugh-
ter's welfare.—Carlisle (Pa.) Democrat.

POSTSCRIPT TO A PRAYER.—On the banks
of the Illinois river, lived little Emma K.,
with her widowed mother, and two broth-
ers, Alfred and Albert. In the course of
time, Alfred, who was lame, went to New
England to learn a trade, leaving only three
at home. Every evening before retiring to
rest, would this little girl kneel down and
repeat her prayer, in which she ever re-
membered her absent brother, and asked
God to watch over him also.

One morning after breakfast, she sud-
denly left her play, and came to her moth-
er with this question:

"Mother, would it be wrong to add a
postscript to a prayer?"

"Why, Emma, dear, what makes you
ask such a question?"

"Because, mother, in my prayer this
morning, I forgot to pray for Alfred."

"Then, my child, it will be perfectly
proper to do so," and off the little girl ran
to add her postscript to her prayer, for her
brother.

Are all the children who read this paper
as conscientious, and do they pray to their
heavenly Father every night and morning,
as did the little Illinois girl?

THE LITTLE MOLES.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

When grasping tyrants offend,
Or angry bigots frown;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down;
When statesmen form dishonest leagues
To drive the world to war;
When knaves in palaces intrigue
For thrones or a star;
We raise our heads, survey their deeds
And cheerily reply—
Grab, little moles, grab under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a freeman's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting thought;
When round their narrow pale they plot,
And scornfully assume
That all without are curs'd of God,
And justify the doom;
We think of heaven's eternal love,
And strong in hope reply—
Grab, little moles, grab under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town—
To depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown;
Faster to produce unclean,
Apologies for crime,
And dash the vies of the mean
With flattery like slime;
For Milton's craft, and Shakespeare's tongue,
Grab, little moles, but yet reply—
Grab, little moles, grab under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

When sage philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn—poor sedgeclods of a day—
Its too prolific birth;
And prove by figure, rule, and plan
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its soil;
We view the vineyard on the hills
And corn-fields waving high—
Grab, little moles, grab under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

When men complain of human kind,
In misanthropic mood,
And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good;
When, wall'd in prejudices strong,
They urge that evermore
The world is laden to go wrong,
For going wrong before;
We feel the truths they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply—
Grab, little moles, grab under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

OLD BET GOOD—A Question Well Put.—
A valuable friend and a valuable farmer,
about the time that the temperance re-
form was beginning to exert a healthful
influence in the country, said to his hired
man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to
you, that I think of trying to do my work
this year without rum. How much more
must I give you?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much
about it; you may give me just what you
please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you
a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father, will
you give